MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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KA-ZAR™

THE SAVAGE

RON + ARMANDO

HI, FOLKS! **LOUISE JONES,** HERE. THIS ISSUE I THOUGHT WE'D SHOW YOU HOW **KA-ZAR** ARTIST **BRENT ANDERSON**... AND EVERYBODY ELSE HERE AT MARVEL... HELP **BRUCE JONES** GET THOSE EXCITING PLOT IDEAS.

OH, I KNOW I'D RESERVED THIS SPOT TO INTRODUCE **ARMANDO GIL**... NOT TO MENTION A ≥Yawn≤ LOUISE JONES EDITORIAL. BUT I GOT INTIMIDATED BY **AL MILGROM**'S WITTY **FANFARE** "EDITORI-AL"(NEXT ISSUE, FOR SURE!)... AND ARMANDO NEVER SHOWED.

HE HAD A REAL CREATIVE EXCUSE, THOUGH. HE WAS AT THIS N.Y. COMIC CONVENTION, SEE, AND THESE COSTUMED FIGURES CAME CRASHING THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT AND... HEY! MAYBE WE SHOULD USE **THAT** IN A **KA-ZAR** PLOT SOMETIME!

HOW 'BOUT WE HAVE KA-ZAR ATTACKED BY PYGMY DINOSAURS, BRUCE, AND RESCUED BY LEANNE'S GHOST?

NYAH, TOO CORNY. BESIDES, BRENT, WHO SAID LEANNE WAS DEAD?

HOW 'BOUT SHANNA HAS AN AFFAIR WITH THE HUMAN TORCH? COULD BE REAL **HOT!**

NYAH, WE'VE DONE TOO MANY AFFAIRS ALREADY.

MADISON AVENUE

I GOT IT! KA-ZAR DISCOVERS THAT HIS FATHER ISN'T REALLY DEAD--HE'S LIVING IN A CAVE IN THE SAVAGE LAND WITH SEVERE BRAIN DAMAGE--

--HE ONLY COMES OUT EVERY THIRD TUESDAY BECAUSE HE THINKS HE'S A WEREWOLF. HE MEETS ZABU AND THEY GET INTO A BIG FIGHT ONLY ZABU CAN'T HURT HIM 'CAUSE HE KNOWS HE'S KA-ZAR'S FATHER...

...MEANWHILE SHANNA FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIM, THEY GET MARRIED AND HAVE A KID WHO GROWS UP TO LOOK JUST LIKE--

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

BRENT. IT STINKS.

AND TAKE YOUR FINGER OUT OF MY NOSE, PLEASE.

HOW ABOUT THE WHOLE LAND SURFACE OF PANGEA GETS COVERED WITH WATER AGAIN!

NYAH, TOO TOPICAL!

Continued on inside back cover...

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

MOSTLY IT'S THE SMELL . . . IT DISORIENTS, CONFUSES. THAT AND THE NOISE . . . THE CONSTANT HAMMERING AND SQUAWKING AND **RUMBLING** SOUND. IT HURTS HIS EARS, UPSETS HIS BALANCE . . . DEADENS HIS RAZOR-KEEN SENSES . . .

YET EVERY SO OFTEN THE ELUSIVE WEDGE OF A MEMORY WILL PEEK THROUGH BRIEFLY, TANTALIZING, TORTURING, PROMISING TO ANSWER THE QUAGMIRE OF QUESTIONS THAT FILL HIS MIND: WHERE IS HE? . . . **WHO** IS HE? . . . **WHY** IS HE? . . .

ANSWERS HE CAN ALMOST REACH OUT AND TOUCH . . . ALMOST . . . BEFORE THEY ARE DASHED AWAY BY THE SMELLY, NOISY CANYONS SURROUNDING HIM . . . OR THE NOXIOUS VERMIN THAT INHABIT THEM . . .

Stan Lee PRESENTS: KA-ZAR THE SAVAGE

HEY, CHECK IT OUT!

YEAH, THE JUNGLE DUDE FROM THE NEWSPAPERS! LOOK LIKE RANSOM MATERIAL TO YOU, LONNIE?

I HEAR *THAT!*

BRUCE JONES SCRIPTER • RON FRENZ PENCILLER • ARMANDO GIL INKER • JANICE CHIANG LETTERER • DON WARFIELD COLORIST • LOUISE JONES EDITOR • JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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SO CLUMSY... SO OBVIOUS... SO UNLIKE THE CREATURES HE DIMLY RECALLS FROM SOME OTHER PLACE, SOME OTHER LIFE-TIME...

...SO PATHETICALLY INEPT... SO EASILY DEFEATED...

SCATTER! THIS GUY'S A MANIAC!

BIG SHOT ARMANDO AND HIS RANSOM CAPER!

SHUT YER FACE!

YET SOMETHING IS WRONG... TERRIBLY WRONG! THESE HEADACHES...

HE ALMOST BLACKED OUT COMPLETELY THAT TIME... AND HE COULDN'T REMEMBER EVER DOING THAT BEFORE...

THERE... THERE, THAT'S BETTER... THE PAIN IS FADING NOW...

TIME TO MOVE ON... TIME TO FIND ANSWERS TO ALL THIS...

...TIME TO FIND THE TRUTH!

NEW YORK STATE PRISON, TWENTY MILES, EAST...

THE NAME IS RAMONA CORTLAND, MR. KRAVEN. I HAVE A LITTLE JOB I'D LIKE YOU TO HANDLE... SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BE RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY.

YOU PRIDE YOURSELF ON YOUR ABILITY TO BRING IN THE BIGGEST, THE WILDEST GAME KNOWN TO MAN... WELL, I'VE GOT AN ANIMAL FOR YOU THAT'S WILDER THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER FACED.

IT'S NAME IS KA-ZAR THE SAVAGE. IT EATS NAILS FOR BREAKFAST. YOU INTERESTED?

WHY DO YOU WANT HIM?

BECAUSE I WANT HIM.

I'VE DEALT WITH THE INFAMOUS MR. PLUNDER BEFORE. LIVES IN THE JUNGLE, DOESN'T HE?

NOT AT THE MOMENT, HE DOESN'T. HE'S MAKING A BIG SPLASH ON BROADWAY PRESENTLY AND HE'S JUST ABOUT AS WILD AS HE'S EVER GOING TO GET.

EVEN THE MIGHTY KRAVEN MIGHT HAVE HIS HANDS FULL. IN FACT, THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST HIM. HAVE I MADE IT SOUND CHALLENGING ENOUGH?

I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS TO FIND HIM.

THAT'S MY BUSINESS.

IF I'M THE ONE TRACKING HIM DOWN, THEN IT BECOMES *MY* BUSINESS!

I WANT HIM, THAT'S ALL... HE . . . HE'S MAGNIFICENT, A WILD ANIMAL. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE HIM AND I'VE SEEN THEM ALL.

I *DESERVE* HIM. AND HE DESERVES MORE THAN THAT MEALY-MOUTHED LITTLE SIMP IN THAT LEOPARD SKIN GIRDLE THAT PANTS AFTER HIM!

HA-HA! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE A RAY OF LIGHT! HOW CHARMING!

I DIDN'T COME HERE TO CHARM YOU! YOU WANT THE JOB OR NOT? I'M OFFERING YOU MONEY AND FREEDOM AND WE'RE WASTING *TIME!*

ONLY YOUR TIME, WOMAN.

WHY DON'T YOU TODDLE ALONG NOW AND LET ME GET SOME SLEEP.

AND SHUT THE DOOR ON YOUR WAY OUT...

ARE YOU *NUTS*? I'M GIVING YOU THE CHANCE TO BREAK OUT OF HERE, YOU BIG LOUT! I RISKED MY NECK GETTING IN HERE, DRUGGING THOSE GUARDS, POSING AS A REPORTER! WHAT ARE YOU...

A COLD LIGHT GLEAMS IN THE CORTLAND WOMAN'S GREY EYES...

I GET IT! YOU'RE AFRAID YOU MIGHT *RUN INTO* SOME ONE, RIGHT? SOMEONE WITH THE INITIALS: SPIDER-MAN, PERHAPS? YOU DIDN'T FARE TOO WELL IN YOUR LAST LITTLE TANGLE WITH HIM, AS I RECALL...

S'MATTER? IS KRAVEN THE HUNTER GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE ROTTING IN A--

IN A BLUR OF MOVEMENT THAT BELIES HIS GREAT SIZE--

--KRAVEN IS OUT OF THE BUNK AND ACROSS THE ROOM IN LESS THAN THE BLINK OF AN EYE...

I--ULP!

I'M HERE BECAUSE I WANT TO BE HERE AND IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT TWO-LEGGED BUG AND HIS WEB FACTORY.'

IT'S GOT TO DO WITH A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY NAMED CALYPSO AND SOMETHING YOU OBVIOUSLY NEVER ENCOUNTERED CALLED *PRIDE!*

LISTEN, SWEET BUNS, JUST WHO THE BLUE BLAZES DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, BUSTING IN ON KRAVEN THE HUNTER UNINVITED? DO YOU THINK I NEED YOU OR ANYBODY ELSE TO BUST ME OUT OF THIS CHEESEBOX?

NEW YORK CITY POLICE STATION: TIME APPROXIMATE...

SORRY, M'AM, THE CAT STAYS WHERE HE IS--IN QUARANTINE.

BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE'S THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN FIND KEVIN! YOU'VE GOT TO LET HIM OUT!

WHO'S KEVIN?

KA-ZAR, I MEAN.

WELL, WHICH IS IT, KEVIN OR KA-ZAR?

BOTH. LOOK, WE'RE WASTING TIME!

ONLY YOUR TIME, LADY. I GOT ALL DAY.

SID, THIS IS A REUBEN, I ASKED FOR A HAM ON RYE.

THEY WERE ALL OUT OF HAM ON RYE.

SO WHY DIDN'T YOU TRY MILTIE'S DOWN THE STREET?

PLEASE, ISN'T THERE SOME WAY WE COULD... POSTPONE THE QUARANTINE, ROLL UP THE RED TAPE AND PUT IT IN A DRAWER FOR A FEW HOURS?

'POSTPONE' THE QUARANTINE? HOW EXACTLY WOULD YOU DO THAT, LADY? SAY, IS THAT REAL LEOPARD SKIN YOU'RE WEARING BY THE WAY?

YES. LOOK, IT WOULD ONLY TAKE ZABU A FEW MINUTES TO FIND HIS MASTER! KA-ZAR'S GOT A BULLET IN HIS HEAD, FOR GOD'S SAKE! YOU MIGHT BE COMMITTING MURDER HERE!

LEOPARDS ARE AN ENDANGERED SPECIES, YOU KNOW THAT WHEN YOU KILLED THAT ONE?

IT WAS ALREADY DEAD, AS DEAD AS KA-ZAR'S GOING TO BE IF YOU DON'T QUIT STUFFING THAT BLASTED SANDWICH IN YOUR FACE AND *DO* SOMETHING!

YOU'RE RIGHT...

I AM? YOU'LL *DO* SOMETHING?

DARN RIGHT! I *HATE* REUBENS! GIVE ME INDIGESTION! SID, YOU MIND THE STORE, I'M GOING OUT FOR A HAM ON RYE!

I DON'T *BELIEVE* THIS!

THE BRONX ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS...

BUILDING A

POLAR BEAR

... WHERE A CERTAIN SABRE-TOOTH TIGER IS PRESENTLY RESIDING VERY MUCH AGAINST HIS WILL ...

I ASSURE YOU, GENTLEMEN, THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF. WE CAN ACTUALLY ENTER THE CAGE ITSELF AND REMAIN COMPLETELY SAFE, YOU HAVE MY WORD...

NO SMOKING

I DON'T KNOW, DOC, THAT'S A MIGHTY BIG PUSSY-CAT...

YES, SUBSTANTIALLY LARGE FOR A SMILODON CALIFORNICUS, MOST WEREN'T NEARLY THIS BIG.

PLEASE, GENTLEMEN, LADIES, STEP INSIDE, THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO CAUSE FOR WORRY, I GUARANTEE IT.

WE ARE GIVING THE ANIMAL THE SECOND IN A SERIES OF DRUGS THAT NOT ONLY KEEP HIM QUITE DOCILE--

--BUT ACTUALLY IMPEDE HIS NATURAL PROPENSITY TOWARD SAVAGERY! IF ANYTHING; HA-HA; THE DRUG WILL MAKE HIM FEAR US!

THERE, THERE, BOY, NO ONE'S GOING TO HURT YOU...

ZABU BACKS UP SLOWLY, IN SEEMING TERROR...

EASY NOW, BIG FELLA...

AS I SAID, GENTLEMEN, GENTLE AS A KITTEN! WOULDN'T HARM A FLY! THE DRUG HAS HIM COMPLETELY UNDER--

--CONTROL?

GROWPH!

LOOK OUT! HE'S LOOSE!

HE'S MAKING FOR THE DOOR! SOMEBODY STOP HIM!

YOU STOP HIM, PAL!

KLANK!

ZABU SLAMS AGAINST THE STEEL DOOR ON HIS WAY OUT, AND--

KLANG!

NO! NO!! THE DOOR! WE'RE LOCKED IN! HE'S LOCKED US IN!

DON'T BE A FOOL! AN ANIMAL CAN'T THINK!

OH YEAH? THEN HOW COME EVERYONE WHO CAME INTO THE BUILDING IS NOW LOCKED IN-SIDE THE CAGE WHILE THE CAT RUNS FREE? HUH, DOC?

WE CAN'T REACH A PHONE OR NUTHIN'! YOU GOING TO TELL ME THAT WASN'T PLANNED? HUH, DOC?

WHILE ACROSS TOWN...

S-SAVAGE LAND... YES, I REMEMBER NOW... I'M FROM THE SAVAGE LAND... HIDDEN JUNGLE... ANTARCTICA... MY MY NAME IS... IS...

SID'S BAR

BAR

MPH! NO USE! CAN'T THINK WITH THIS BLOODY HEADACHE! BUT I DO KNOW THIS IS NEW YORK CITY-- I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE WITH SHANNA AND--

MR. K'S

SUPPLY

SHANNA! YES! W-WHERE IS SHE? AND ZABU?

THAT BANDAGE... MY HEAD... W-WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY HEAD?

RECORDS RENAISSANCE RECORDS

A BULLET? A BULLET IN MY BRAIN? MY BRAIN?? DEAR LORD...

MYSTERY HERO TRIUMPHS AGAIN IN THE SAVAGE IS LOOSE

YES... YES, IT'S COMING BACK NOW... THAT GIRL, THAT RAMONA CORTLAND...SHE AND HER HUSBAND CAME TO THE SAVAGE LAND TO GATHER FLORA OR SOMETHING... SCIENTISTS OR SOMETHING...

Y STORE

SHANNA...SHANNA HATED HER... JEALOUS OF HER... THERE WAS A STRUGGLE OVER A GUN... GUN... IT WENT OFF...

...WENT OFF...

I'M GLAD YOU FINALLY SAW THE LIGHT, KRAVEN. WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND?

SOMETHING IN THE BACK OF THAT NEWSPAPER YOU GAVE ME--A SMALL HEADLINE...

IT READS: "CALYPSO BREAKS FROM PRISON!"

I *KNOW* WHERE SHE'LL COME AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY AND I'M NOT READY TO RECEIVE HER YET.

NO?

NO, NOT UNTIL I'VE COMPLETED MY PLANS TO DESTROY SPIDER-MAN FOREVER...IN A FAIR FIGHT, WITHOUT CALYPSO'S INTERFERENCE.

ALYPSO
KS JAIL

SPIDER-MAN? BUT YOU--YOU *ARE* STILL GOING TO--

FACE KA-ZAR? YES. YOU DID FREE ME, EVEN IF I COULD HAVE MANAGED MYSELF. BESIDES, I'D LIKE A LITTLE WARM-UP BEFORE I SQUARE OFF WITH THE WEB-SPINNER!

KRAVEN, I--THAT IS, I DON'T WANT KA-ZAR ACTUALLY *HURT*, YOU UNDERSTAND...

KRAVEN? YOU *DO* UNDERSTAND? KRAVEN?

ANSWER ME!

ABRUPTLY, AS THE CAB PAUSES FOR A LIGHT, KRAVEN LEAPS OUT...

KRAVEN! WAIT! WAIT FOR ME!

NO! I HUNT ALONE! I DON'T NEED ANOTHER WOMAN INTERFERING IN MY LIFE!

GO HOME AND WAIT FOR THE MORNING PAPER. YOUR BOY-FRIEND'S DEMISE WILL BE FEATURED PROMINENTLY ON THE FRONT PAGE! AND TAKE *THAT* WITH YOU!

KRAVEN! WAIT! I--

GONE... VANISHED INTO THE SHADOWS...

EIGHT BLOCKS EAST...

THERE HE IS! PULL OVER!

THREE MARY SIX HERE, HEADQUARTERS, WE'VE SPOTTED THE CAT AND ARE CLOSING IN. WE'RE AT 73RD BETWEEN 1ST AND 2ND AVENUES. ASSISTANCE REQUESTED!

THERE HE GOES, PETE!

NO SWEAT. HE WON'T GET PAST THE NIGHT WATCHMAN!

AND UPSTAIRS...

I DON'T KNOW, MARTY, THE GLASSES BOTHER ME.

BUT I TELL YOU, PHIL, IT'S GONNA BE A SENSATION. WE'VE GOT 3-D HERE!

YEAH, BUT THE GLASSES REALLY BOTHER ME, MARTY.

BUT PHIL, WE GOT *DEPTH*, WE GOT DIMENSION, WE GOT *BIG* BOX OFFICE!

YEAH, BUT THE GLASSES...

HERE COMES THE BEST PART! NOW *WATCH* THIS! THE TIGER LEAPS RIGHT OUT OF THE SCREEN AT YOU!

GRROOWFFF!

...L-LEAPS R-RIGHT OUT...

...R-RIGHT OUT OF S-SCREEN...

I DUNNO, MARTY, THE GLASSES STILL BOTHER ME.

...R-RIGHT OUT...

WHILE ELSEWHERE IN THE GLOWING CITY, A PALE COMET WHISKS DEFTLY AMONG DANCING LIGHTS AND FLASHING SIGNS...

...A COMET ON A MISSION OF HER OWN...

KEVIN, BLAST YOU, WHERE HAVE YOU WANDERED OFF TO?

"A LUGER

I *KNEW* THAT CORTLAND WITCH WAS TROUBLE THE SECOND I SAW HER! I *TOLD* YOU SO, KEVIN!

BUT *NOOOOOOO*... YOU HAD TO MAKE A BLASTED *FOOL* OF YOURSELF THE SAME WAY YOU DO EVERY TIME A NEW SKIRT FLASHES BY!

IF I HAD ANY BRAINS I'D *LEAVE* YOU HERE IN THIS CESSPOOL!

YOU WERE ALWAYS CROWING ABOUT THE BIG CITY--WELL, YOU'VE GOT IT, BABY, YOU'VE *GOT* IT! AND YOU CAN *HAVE* IT! I'LL TAKE THE JUNGLE *ANY* DAY!

YOU HEAR THAT, KEVIN? MR KEVIN-HOT-SHOT-PLUNDER? YOU *HEAR* THAT, TOOTS?

OH, BABY... PLEASE... *PLEASE* BE CAREFUL... WHEREVER YOU ARE...

"... WHEREVER YOU ARE..."

OKAY, PAL, THAT'S FAR ENOUGH...

HURNE JEWELER

KAKK! RRAK!

THAT'S RIGHT, BOMBA, IT'S A GUN. IT GOES 'BANG-BANG'. NOW WE DON'T WANT IT TO GO 'BANG-BANG', DO WE? THAT'S WHY YOU'RE GOING TO COME ALONG QUIETLY, LIKE A NICE JUNGLE PERSON...

BRRAK-AK!

SOUNDS COMING OUT OF MY MOUTH! GIBBERISH! C-CAN'T TALK!

ATTA, BOY, JUST--ULP!

HEY! WHAT TH--

GOOD MORNING, MR. PLUNDER...

...I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS!

AND JUST BLOCKS AWAY AT THE CORTLAND APARTMENT...

BLAST THAT KRAVEN...

...AFTER ALL I WENT THROUGH TO GET HIM OUT OF THE SLAMMER!

WELL, IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO RUIN ALL MY PLANS, HE'S WRONG...

KLAK

...DEAD WRONG!

BEEP!

BEEP!

THE HOMING DEVICE IS WORKING PERFECTLY.

WHILE KRAVEN STALKS KA-ZAR, I'LL BE STALKING KRAVEN, AND WHEN I *CATCH* HIM...

WHILE UPTOWN...

C'MON, MAMA! YOU KIN EARN TWO, THREE HUNDRED A ***NIGHT*** DRESSED IN THEM THREADS! AND THE ROOSTER HERE WILL BE RIGHT THERE LOOKING OUT FO YO FINE BOD EVERY MINUTE! WHAT YO SAY?

LORD, THIS IS HUMILIATING!

THE BERKSHIRE PLACE, MADISON AVENUE...

EEEEEE

KRASH!

GAAK! G-AKK!

RISE, JUNGLE MAN! FIGHT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? DOES KRAVEN FRIGHTEN YOU SO?

T-THAT BULLET! LODGED IN MY BRAIN... I'VE LOST THE POWER OF SPEECH! CAN'T TELL KRAVEN ABOUT MY HEAD INJURY!

ANOTHER BLOW LIKE THAT MIGHT FORCE THE BULLET DEEPER-- KILL ME!

ONLY ONE THING TO DO -- LET DISCRETION BE THE BETTER PART OF VALOR AND BEAT A HASTY RETREAT!

AT LEAST TILL I FIGURE THIS THING OUT!

MAYBE I CAN LOSE MYSELF TEMPORARILY IN THIS HOTEL...

UH... MY HEAD...

RUNNING WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, SAVAGE!

THE MAN DEFINITELY HAS CONFIDENCE, I'LL GIVE HIM THAT!

UH, THE PAIN!... GETTING WEAKER... AND KRAVEN'S RIGHT BEHIND ME... CAN HEAR HIM COMING...

BASH!

HYMIE, IS THAT YOU? I'M IN HERE!

GROAN

HYMIE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HYMIE, DARLING, YOU CAME BACK! HAND ME MY GLASSES, WILL YOU PET? I CAN'T SEE A THING!

OH, HYMIE, I'M SO SORRY FOR THOSE AWFUL THINGS I SAID. CAN YOU FORGIVE YOUR LITTLE TINA?

HYMIE? TEE-HEE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU NAUGHTY BOY?

HYMIE? WHAT ARE YOU--

NO! DON'T DO IT! HYMIE, IT'S THREE STORIES TO THE GROUND!

HYMIE, PLEASE! I SAID I WAS SORRY! I'LL DO ANYTHING HYMIE, ONLY PLEASE DON'T JUMP! I'LL RUB YOUR BACK!

I'LL DROP THE HULA LESSONS! *I'LL LOSE WEIGHT!* HYMIE! *HY-MIE!* WHERE *ARE* YOU?

THE *PAIN*... HEAD'S SPLITTING! B-BLACKING OUT... C-CAN'T MAKE IT...

BUT, AT LAST ON THE ROOF...

...SICK... WEAK... NEED REST...

I'M DISAPPOINTED, JUNGLE BOY...VERY DISAPPOINTED. YOU'VE GROWN SOFT SINCE OUR LAST ENCOUNTER... LIKE A WOMAN...

...AND I WAS HOPING FOR A LITTLE EXERCISE BE-FORE I FINISHED OFF THAT FOOL SPIDER-MAN!

WHILE SOME DISTANCE AWAY, RAMONA CORTLAND SCANS THE SMOG-LAYERED CITY-SCAPE THROUGH HEAVY LENSES...

...AS FROM THE NORTH, SHANNA O'HARA SPEEDS UNWITTINGLY TOWARD KA-ZAR'S BUILDING...

...AND FROM THE WEST...

THAT'S BETTER! THAT'S MUCH BETTER! THERE'S LIFE IN YOU YET, THEN!

NOT *MUCH* LIFE! BULLET'S TEARING MY SKULL APART...GETTING DIZZY...

-GROAN- BLACKING OUT AGAIN! GOT TO GET -GASP- FREE OF HIM!

HA-HA! PERHAPS RAMONA WAS RIGHT! YOU *CAN* FIGHT--A LITTLE!

'RAMONA?!?'

WHILE A SCANT THIRTY FEET BENEATH THE TWO BATTLING TITAN'S, ONE OF NEW YORK'S BIGGEST COMIC CONVENTIONS IS GETTING UNDER WAY...HUNDREDS OF SUPER HERO FANS GATHERED TO BUY, SELL, AND TRADE... AND MEET NEW FRIENDS...

YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT, IT IS KIND OF BIZARRE, RICH. I'M COLLABORATING WITH PEOPLE I'VE NEVER MET.

DID YOU KNOW KIRBY AND SINNOTT COLLABORATED FOR YEARS BEFORE EVER MEETING?

EH?

SO WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT IN KA-ZAR, BRUCE?

SEARCH ME. I JUST WRITE THE STUFF.

AUTOGRAPH, MR. JONES?

NO THANKS. I HAVE ONE.

I MEAN I WOULDN'T KNOW BRUCE JONES IF I TRIPPED OVER HIM...

RON FRENZ? NO, WE HAVEN'T MET. WOULDN'T KNOW HIM IF HE FELL OVER ME...

HEY!

OOPS!

SORRY 'BOUT THAT.!

MY FAULT. YOU A GUEST HERE?

YEAH. MY NAME'S R--

WHAT TH--

HOLY JUMPIN'--

SSSS

SMAAASSH

CRAZY DAMN HOODLUMS! THINGS LIKE THIS NEVER HAP-PEN IN KANSAS CITY!

WAIT A MINUTE! THIS IS GREAT! I CAN USE THIS!

YOU SICK PUPPY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

KRRASHH!

ARE YOU NUTS? THOSE ARE MINT CONDITION SILVER SURFERS!

NOT ANYMORE, PAL!

SILVER SURFER

HULK

GETTING A LITTLE STRENGTH BACK... NOW IF I CAN JUST STAY OUT OF KRAVEN'S WAY FOR A FEW SE--OOF!

CRRK!

THIS GUY SURE HOLDS A GRUDGE!* OR DO THOSE LEOPARD SKIN PEDAL-PUSHERS GIVE HIM AN IDENTITY CRISIS?

UH! TOO SLOW... I'M STILL *WAY* OFF MY NORMAL PERFORMANCE.

NATURALLY THIS HAS TO HAPPEN IN NEW YORK CITY WITH NINE MILLION PEOPLE WATCHING!

*FROM WAY BACK IN ASTONISHING TALES, FIRST EDITION, #2-- LOUISE.

WHOP!

Y'KNOW, I THINK MAYBE THIS GUY'S TRYING TO KILL ME!

AGGHH!

Y-YEP. D-DEFINITELY TRYING TO KILL ME...

B-BLOODY SHOW-OFF! STRICTLY A GRANDSTANDER!

WANTS EVERYBODY TO SEE WHAT A BIG TOUGH MAN HE IS!

THAT'S IT, KRAVEN, GO FOR THE SPECTACLE...

...THROW ME THROUGH A PLATE GLASS WINDOW OR SOMETHING...

GREAT! HE READS MINDS, TOO!

KRRASSH!

THIS ;GASP; ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE... I'M TOO EXHAUSTED TO FIGHT BACK... BE LUCKY IF I CAN GET A PURCHASE ON THIS SCULPTURE...

...GOT IT... NOW IF I CAN JUST GET MY BREATH FOR HALF A SECOND...

;SIGH; NO REST FOR THE WEARY.

OKAY, KRAVEN, THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE. THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO BUT DOWN...

DON'T TRY IT, JUNGLE-MAN! THE BUILDING ACROSS FROM US IS TOO FAR, EVEN I--KRAVEN THE HUNTER--WOULD HAVE DIFFICULTY LEAPING THAT DISTANCE!

BETTER TO DIE SWIFTLY BY THE KNIFE OF A TRUE KING OF THE HUNT!

GUY HAS A STRANGE SENSE OF PROPORTION...

FOOL! YOU DIVE TO YOUR DEATH!

CONSIDERING THE OPTIONS, THAT'S THE LEAST OF MY PROBLEMS...

AND THE IMPOSSIBLE IS ACHIEVED... ALBEIT A BIT UNGRACEFULLY...

TERRIFIC! MY BEST FEAT OF THE DAY AND THERE'S NO ONE HERE TO SEE IT!

AND TO THE NORTH...

KEVIN! IT'S HIM!

HANG ON, DARLING, I'M COMING!

...THE SOUTH...

ZABU! YOU GOT AWAY! GOOD BOY!

GROMPH!

...THE EAST...

PREPARE TO DIE NOW, KEVIN PLUNDER! KRAVEN THE HUNTER DELIVERS HIS DEATH THRUST!

...THE WEST...

DON'T COUNT ON IT, KRAVEN OLD BOY--

--NOT WHILE RAMONA BABY IS AROUND!

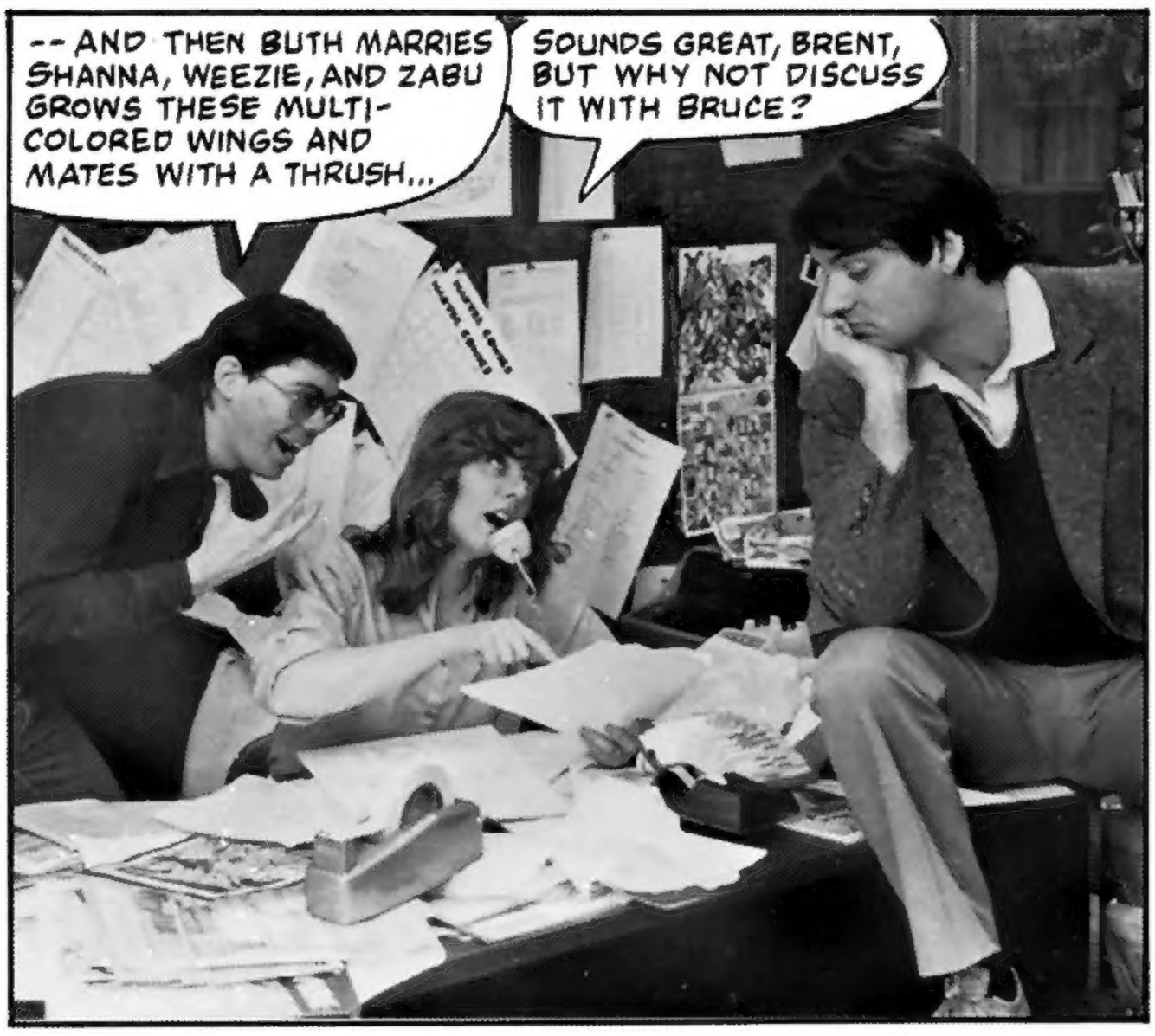
FOR KEVIN!

FOR CALYPSO!

GROOWR!

FOR THE LUVVA *PETE!*

NEXT: IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE!


--AND THEN BUTH MARRIES SHANNA, WEEZIE, AND ZABU GROWS THESE MULTI-COLORED WINGS AND MATES WITH A THRUSH...
SOUNDS GREAT, BRENT, BUT WHY NOT DISCUSS IT WITH BRUCE?

--AND THIS MAN-EATING PLANT SWALLOWS RAMONA BUT IT BURPS HER UP AGAIN BECAUSE, IN REALITY, SHE IS THE TRUE GODDESS OF PANGEA!
SOUNDS GREAT, BRENT, BUT WHY NOT DISCUSS IT WITH BRUCE?

--SO THEN, DANNY, THE TREE PEOPLE BUILD THIS RAFT OF HUMAN SKULLS AND FLOAT DHERK BACK TO THE LAND OF THE ANDROIDS!
DAZZLER
SOUNDS GREAT, BRENT, BUT WHY NOT DISCUSS IT WITH BRUCE?

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